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is an Anglo-Saxon book that deals with men as men and women as women as straightforwardly as a Continental. This is not merely something written to exploit theories or politics; it is not even a mere transcript from life; it is a Book.

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Mr. Orcutt places his new story\* in Florence and Fiesole, where his hero and heroine repair for their honeymoon and the following winter. Friends and villas and motor-cars are at their disposal, and one might look to see the course of true love run smooth. The young husband, however, falls under the spell of intellectual preoccupations—so we are told—and neglects his wife. It is a theme as old as Lucretius. The wife, in this case, furnishes her husband with an intellectual affinity in the person of her closest girl-friend, and here we have at once the material of the drama. The happy ending and general reconciliation, with everything as good as new, or better, emerge promptly in the last chapter, and the only matters left wholly in the shadow to stimulate our curiosity are the names of the writers who exercised the spell. They are never more definitely named than “the old-timers,” “the ancient writers” and “the humanists”—a goodly army, indeed, to be concerned in so small a game as a honeymoon misunderstanding.

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The hand being forever still that wrote this charming little romance, “Katrine,”† it is with real regret that one chronicles its vivacity, wit and insight. The dashing Irish folk, ranging from Dermott McDermott, with his lies, his chivalry, his generosity, to the old nurse Nora, who tells her charge that “to the Irish-woman the drame [of love] comes but wanst,” show up well and vividly against the rather faded and pale Southern Aristocracy with their false ideals and paltry traditions. One could almost wish the lovely and gifted Katrine, direct, elemental, loving and strong-souled, could have forgotten the weak-kneed Southern lover and escaped his plantation and his hopelessly silly mother. However, that is not the story, but rather how she trained the man into a worthy and fine being and how wherever she went she carried with her high courage, genius, beauty and sunshine.

\* “The Spell.” By William Dana Orcutt. New York: Harper & Brothers, 1909.

† “Katrine.” By Elinor Macartney Lane. New York: Harper & Brothers, 1909.